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The *Magazine for the Christian Home*

# Hearthstone

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September, 1954 • 25c



# The *Hearthstone* Magazine for the Christian Home

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

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COVER: Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

Published Jointly Each Month By

#### Christian Board of Publication

WILBUR H. CRAMBLET, *President*  
Beaumont and Pine Boulevard  
Box 179, St. Louis 3, Missouri

#### The American Baptist Publication Society

LUTHER WESLEY SMITH, *Executive Secretary*  
1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Vol. 6

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No. 9

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Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa.

All books and printed matter referred to in *Hearthstone* may be ordered from either publishing house. All prices are subject to change without notice.

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Price, 25 cents per single copy; five or more copies to one address, 20 cents each (60 cents per quarter); single subscriptions, \$3.00 per year.

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Printed in St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



### Youth and the World

What long, long thoughts this month's cover picture inspires! It is symbolic of that mighty host of young people who return to school to learn more about this "great round of booming, bumbling confusion," the world.

What will the world do to youth? What parent has not wrestled often with that thought in some sleepless hour of the night? What teacher has not pondered it as she watched her class hard (?) at study?

What will youth do to the world? For you can count on it—they will do something to it in the days to come! Atomic energy is a powerful force but it is doubtful if it is greater than youth energy.

This and every issue of *Hearthstone* aims to help prepare youth for the onslaughts of the world, and to guide them in making their own impact upon it.

● **What's Here . . .** You'll be interested, perhaps surprised, to learn that some TV Bible programs can be harmful. The generation that read *Little Women* and the generation that saw *Little Women* will both enjoy "Little Women at Home." Marion Buehler takes you from Vermont to Valley Forge via the antique trail.

"Dinner in Twenty Minutes" tells the story of a mother who fought successfully the battle against the tendency of all mothers to be too motherly and protective. Children will delight in the account of "Tatters, the Calico Cat."

The account of how one school prepares its pupils for the responsibilities and joys of parenthood may provide you with hints of things to be done in your schools. Of course, all of *Hearthstone's* regular features are here with their inspiration and help. Here's to your reading pleasure!

● **What's Coming . . .** Next month *Hearthstone* celebrates its fifth birthday. In the October issue you'll find "The Boy from Abilene," a peep at the childhood home of President Eisenhower. "Enjoying the Bible at Home" will help you discover new satisfaction in a family Bible-sharing period. Carol Roberts tells how she and her husband, after years of sophisticated unconcern for religious things, at last find their way to church.

Resources for Worship with Young Children will take on a new appearance in October. We would be glad to hear of your experiences in using this material. Doris Demaree combines her gift for charming poetry with fascinating photos to provide you with what we feel will be an eagerly looked-for feature each month. Watch for the center pages!

By the way, have you mentioned *Hearthstone* to your neighbor?



# A Word from **The Word**

“So one of the men who have accompanied us during all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us, beginning from the baptism of John until the day when he was taken up from us—one of these men must become with us a witness to his resurrection.” And they put forward two, Joseph called Barsabbas, who was surnamed Justus, and Matthias. And they prayed and said, “Lord, who knowest the hearts of all men, show which one of these two thou hast chosen to take the place in this ministry and apostleship from which Judas turned aside, to go to his own place.” And they cast lots for them, and the lot fell on Matthias; and he was enrolled with the eleven apostles.

—Acts 1:21-26

—Three Lions



**Matthias**

—Painting by Peter Paul Rubens  
(Flemish School: 1577-1640)





—Wm. E. Davis

## Bible Stories on TV

"I hate God!" exclaimed a five-year-old neighbor child recently to his mother. The surprised mother quickly sought further details and got them. "I saw God kill a man last night," the child declared defiantly.

What had caused the child's outburst against God? Had he been visited by a gruesome nightmare? Delving a bit more into the matter, the mother uncovered the source of her child's disillusionment with God.

The mother recalled that the family had been watching television the night before. She and her husband, feeling that too many

television mystery shows were not good for the children, had sighed with relief when a Bible story appeared on one of the TV channels. Now for once, they thought, the whole family would receive something wholesome.

The TV show had portrayed the Old Testament story of Cain killing his brother Abel. The real significance of the story was far above the five-year-old's head. The boy interpreted it as best he could. His childish eyes did not see Cain killing Abel. He saw a peculiarly dressed bearded man attack another. The strange figure must be God, he thought. And then, with horror, he saw God kill a man.

The TV Bible show had produced an emotion of revulsion toward God in that child which many hours of home and Sunday church school teaching would find it difficult to alter.

TV Bible shows can be harmful to the whole spiritual development of your child.

Let it hastily be added that these biblical productions need not be damaging. Wise parents will see these shows as being a splendid opportunity to aid their children in spiritual growth. But they will take time to be sure that the shows do what they intend them to do.



***Are television shows harming your child? Shows that have a spiritual significance for the parents may actually frighten the child. This article will show you how to give your child enough background to make the story understandable***

**By Colbert S. Cartwright**

There is no question as to the value of the visual dramatic story in religious training. Studies have shown that such dramas are the best means of getting facts and attitudes across to children. The Chinese proverb that one picture is worth a thousand words is true.

However, these dramatic shows are tools to learning. Like any tools they must be used intelligently. To use the TV Bible show effectively for the religious growth of your child will take some work upon your part. The results will quickly convince you that the time has been well spent.

When the family watches the Bible stories, your child must already have been equipped with sufficient background to understand what he is viewing on the TV screen. Most TV Bible stories are not produced for children. Therefore some of the ideas, as well as vocabulary, will be far beyond the level of your child's development. He will not have the background of experience with which to interpret some of the scenes.

This is especially true for your child if he is of nursery or kindergarten age. For, in addition to his lack of background of experience, a very young child lacks the capacity to understand even well-planned and seemingly simple interpretations. Wise parents will make sure that their very young children do not view Bible stories which are above their age level and understanding.

Any child who lacks sufficient background will fill in the gaps as best he can, letting his imagination work for him. Without proper preparation for the Bible drama the story which develops in the child's mind will be more often than not a far cry from that which

the adults see. A bit of questioning of your child following a TV Bible show will quickly convince you of this.

The show that is spiritually uplifting to an adult may be revolting and degrading to the inadequately prepared child.

Take time to prepare your child for what he will see. The announcement of the next drama is usually given at the close of each show. Note the title down. Look the story up in the Bible or in a Bible story book written on the level of your child's development. Sometime before the TV show comes on, read the story with the child. Take time to be sure he understands it. Answer his questions.

As you read the story, search in your own mind for the spiritual message it is seeking to convey. Help your child not only to see the facts of the story but to grasp its spiritual significance.

With this background the child will be able to watch the TV Bible show with interest and understanding. All of the powers of the drama with its emotional impact will be for good. The results cannot help but be for the spiritual enrichment of your child.

Remember, though, that the teaching task is not over as the TV show closes. The most important job is still before you. It is essential that you talk over the TV show with your child sometime soon afterward.

In a friendly and natural way ask the child how he liked the Bible show. Question him as to what he saw. It will not be difficult to get him started. All parents know how their children like to relate endlessly what they have seen.

The purpose of this follow-up discussion is to check and see if the child has grasped the story.

Very likely some points will need clarification.

As the child recounts the story, questions will occur to him. Some may be about the story itself, but others will concern problems of spiritual growth he is facing. The Bible story has stimulated him to think. It has helped him grow. Questions bubble forth. The answering of these questions is the most valuable part of the TV teaching experience.

Questions like these may come up. "Does God really talk to people?" "What does God look like—does he have a long beard?" "Why can't I see God?" "Does God hurt people?" "Why do people have to die?"

Some of these questions may be "stumpers" to you, but honest answers will aid in your child's spiritual growth. Do not be afraid of questions. Some of your child's questions have stymied the wisest of theologians. When you do not know the answer, it is best to reply, "I don't know; we'll have to ask our pastor that one." This is much better than stalling around or coming forth with an obviously false answer. Searching together for some of these answers will show the child that you, too, are deeply concerned about the same things which affect his life.

You will find that you are also growing as you aid your child. You may find that you and your child are on the road to a spiritual quest which has become the most important adventure of your lives.

The TV Bible shows can be a boon to parents who are willing to use them intelligently. With proper preparation and follow-up these productions can be one of the most effective teaching tools you have.

But beware! Without some work on your part, the TV Bible shows may be harming your child.



# DINNER IN TWENTY MINUTES

A Story by

HARRY EZELL

TEN-YEAR-OLD Danny Highe sat in the window seat of the bay window in the old brick house on Maple Street Hill. He was watching in rapt reverie the renaissance purple and rose and gold of the fading sunset in the high, hazy western clouds. Pale streetlights blinked on in the thin spring dusk, while the horn note of a racing streamliner, enchanted by distance, rolled across the rich farmlands from the west.

Purchase of the big old house had been quite a decision for Bob Highe when, purple-hearted home after Guadalcanal, he had sought a roof of his own. Worn out from pounding his unaccustomed new leg over the pavements searching for a place to live, Bob had told his wife, Dorothy, who was not just then in a condition to pound pavements, "It's old, honey. It will be a bottomless rat hole for money, even for a rising young real estate tycoon like me. But in twenty years it will be ours. The mortgage says so."

The big old house, with its high-ceilinged spaciousness, its reminiscent air of gracious living, had in the years that followed really become a home, a happy, protective haven for Bob, Dorothy, and Danny. Danny had learned to crawl up and down the wide stairs, awed by the tremendous heights to which they rose. He had spent winter evenings before the rough stone fireplace, gazing into the enchanted fairyland of

the flames. From the front steps he had turned to wave a bit uncertainly to his brightly smiling mother as he trudged away for his first day of school, a brightly smiling mother who, as soon as he had turned the corner, flooded her apron with tears.

Danny's reverie was jarred by the rude "pheonk, pheonk," of a rubber bulb horn. "Danny, Dan-n-y," the mighty bellow rose from the throat of a redheaded mite leaning his bicycle against the old picket fence. "Dan-n-y," he roared, "c'mom out and ride." Danny uncoiled with the graceful leaping whirl of long practice and slid down the banister of the flight of stairs from the landing. Skittering through the hall, he flung into the kitchen. His hand going automatically to the cooky jar, though he took only four, he paused to announce, "I'm going riding with Bill, Mom."

"Don't stay long," his mother cautioned. "Your daddy will be back soon, and he will want to eat when he gets home." She placed another piece of chicken in the skillet and blew a stray lock of blonde hair from her pretty, heat-flushed face. "Dinner in twenty minutes, Danny."

"Okay, Mom," he called, the screen door slamming behind him as he rushed toward the garage and his bike. Chattering at a speed which only small boys and older women are supposed to attain, the two boys rode up the hill through

the pleasant residential district. It was an older section of town, with older, larger houses set back from the street in smooth lawns. A gentle, easy atmosphere of success and relative financial security reflected from the gleaming paint and well-trimmed shrubberies. A pleasant place for a boy to grow up in.

"Race you down the hill," challenged Bill.

"You think we ought?" protested Danny doubtfully. "It's pretty steep."

"Aw, who's a-scared?" jeered Bill. "Last one past the fire station is a sissy." And away they went, hurtling down the slope in the gathering dusk.

*That sale puts a new roof on the old house,* exulted Bob Highe to himself as he drove the new sedan slowly homeward. For weeks he had been after old Gates to buy Oak Knoll Farm as an investment. He had studied farming practices and prices until statistics rolled off his tongue and cattle lowed in his sleep. He had worn rubber off tires and leather off shoes showing the old banker over the place.

"Too high," the old man fumed, over and over. "Price is inflated, I tell you. It will come down. It has to come down." Yet with prices continuing to soar and with good, safe investments becoming harder and harder to find, he had finally agreed. With a feeling of deep satisfaction Bob patted the



signed papers in his coat pocket. He turned up Maple Street Hill in time to see a blurred figure hurtling out of the dusk—in time to see but not to avoid it.

Hospital walls are cold, though they be painted in warm colors; though, as in some small-town hospitals, waiting rooms may be made cheery with drapes, and paintings, and rugs, still hospital walls are cold. Cold with evaporated tears and vanished hopes, cold with fears that loom dark and terrifying, though the lights be bright and the radiators hammer cheerfully at the evening chill.

Bob tightened his arm about Dorothy's shoulders as they sat on the soft couch in the waiting room. Waiting, waiting! He stared unseeing at the clock on the wall, a kaleidoscope of pictures forming and re-forming in his brain. The ambulance panting to a stop, its siren scream lowering to a whir, then screaming again as it raced away with the crumpled form. Dorothy, white faced, the back of her hand pressed to her mouth stifling a sob when he told her. Dorothy tearing off her apron as they ran back to the waiting car. Half-done chicken sputtering in a frying pan; half-done chicken now congealing in cold grease on a cold stove. Cold. He shivered.

His eyes focused on the hands of the clock as they swam into place at eleven. Only eleven o'clock? Only four hours since he had turned up Maple Street Hill? Four days, maybe; four years; but not four hours.

"Mr. Highe . . ." The soft-footed nurse stood before them, her kindly face lined with the years of long hours and the years of vicarious suffering. Bob and Dorothy stood up slowly, as though to receive sentence in a court of law, their hands clasping instinctively. "Dr. Pederson will see you now; first office to the right, down the hall. Just go right in." She walked part of the way with them, her hand on Dorothy's shoulder. "Don't worry," she said. "It will be all right. It will always be all right."

Dr. Pederson was a big man, big and round, with heavy, stubby

fingers that belied his surgical skill. "You are strong?" he asked. Seated on the wicker divan in the otherwise steel and chrome office, they stared at him, then at each other, then slowly back at him. Bob held her hand more tightly and nodded. "We are strong," he said.

"The broken leg we have set," he said. Without knowing it, Dorothy flinched back against Bob's shoulder. "The cracked rib we have taped," he continued. "But about the concussion we can do nothing as yet. He is too weak, has too much shock for that. He must be stronger, much stronger, for such a delicate operation."

Bob's face whitened under the tan. "He will live, Doctor?"

"Yes, barring complications, he will live."

"How long until you can do something about the concussion?"

"Who knows?" The blunt hands spread with expressive grace. "It depends on how strong he is, how strong his will is, how quickly he regains his strength. In the meanwhile," he said, "until the pressure on the optical nerve can be relieved, he will be blind."

The big upstairs bedroom was light and airy. Early morning sunshine swept through the opened double windows, carrying with it the fresh scent of June. Danny reached out with his left hand and switched on the bedside radio. "And now," the suave voice stated, "last night's baseball scores, right after this important announcement. Men, do you have trouble . . . ?" The big German shepherd dog, lying on his rug by the bed, pricked up his ears.



ILLUSTRATION BY  
PAUL GROUT

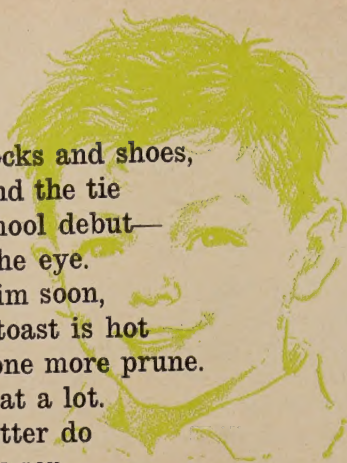
Dorothy was forced to make the biggest decision of her life. No evasion was possible . . .



# First Day

His clothes lie ready: suit and socks and shoes,  
The cap his father bought him and the tie  
Aunt Susan gave him for his school debut—  
A minute rainbow, dazzling to the eye.  
I'll have his oatmeal ready for him soon,  
Then pour his milk and see his toast is hot  
And plead with him to swallow one more prune.  
A boy who goes to school must eat a lot.  
Then, since he's only five, I'd better do  
Policing on his ears. I know my son  
Too well to trust his cheerful, "Mom, I'm through!"  
Gently, across his cheeks, my hands will run.  
His clothes lie ready . . . Now, dear Lord, I pray  
That I may match his bravery, today!

—MARIE DAERR



Danny reached over and scratched his head in the wordless companionship of a boy and his dog. He was a gift from the local post of the American Legion, purchased from the Seeing Eye Foundation. Bob had protested that it really wasn't necessary, that Danny would be seeing again before long, just one more operation to go. The Legion Post Commander, in mock anger, had forced the leash into his hand. "After all," he blustered, "if one of our fellows can leave a leg on the Canal for us, at least we can give his kid an eye, even if it is just a four-legged, furry one."

The dog had been the turning point for Danny. Until his advent the boy had lain listless, and spiritless, and white. But with the coming of Caesar a change had taken place, a great change. "Wow," he had marveled, burying his hands in the heavy fur, "he sure is a big fellow, isn't he, Dad?" Sitting up, he reached for Caesar's harness, on the floor beside the bed. "Here, Boy," he commanded. Caesar sat up, and deftly and surely he snapped the harness about the big, warm body. The dog stood up, his tail waving gently. His hand on the harness,

boy and dog went slowly across the room, detouring around the big rocker, and down the hall to the bathroom. There Danny ran cold water into the lavatory and splashed his hands and face, and the floor, generously. Reaching with a sureness born of experience to the towel on the rack to the left, he rubbed vigorously.

Back in his own room, the big dog led him to a chair by his bed. His shirt, unbuttoned, lay across the back. Beneath it lay his jeans, of the type with an elastic band about the waist. Underwear was on the seat of the chair; socks, in shoes with a single strap buckling across the instep, before it. The underwear was easy, the shirt harder. Holding it by the collar, he fumbled for the armhole and thrust his arm through. The other arm was a little harder to locate. Then he pulled the front down tightly, holding the tails even. Fingers marching upward, pressing the shirt against his body, he buttoned, one, two, three, four. Pants and shoes took no longer than ever. Really less time, for there was less to distract him, less to daydream about. Carefully he and the dog went down the stairs, then at a faster pace down the hall

and into the old-fashioned kitchen. "Hi, Mom," he called cheerfully, finding his chair beside the breakfast table.

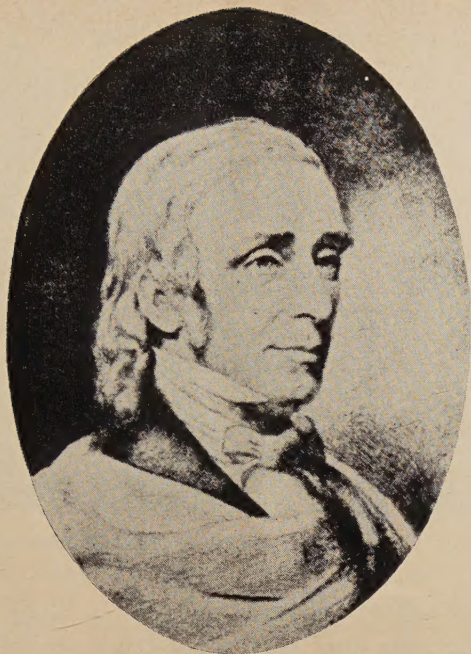
"I'll have your breakfast in a minute, Son." She kissed him on the cheek. "Yours, too, Caesar." Her voice held the same note of warm cheerfulness it had always had, carefully kept there for Danny's sake. The lilting voice, the air of suppressed gaiety of the slender young mother were reasons why, though she was now thirty, folks had always until this summer called her "that young Mrs. Highe." Danny could hear the pleasant tone of voice, but he could not see the thin, almost gaunt face, with its new lines of strain. Nor could he see the new threads of gray now appearing in the blonde hair.

She had held up well under the strain, had Dorothy Highe. When Dr. Pederson confirmed his suspicions that Danny would be blind she had gasped a little, as though in pain, and, hiding her face on Bob's shoulder, clenched his hand. No weeping, no hysterics, no dramatics, just quiet, inarticulate suffering. When Danny made his first stumbling trip across the bedroom with the new dog, Caesar, he tripped over a rug and fell. Before he could cry out she had him up, and, her hand over his on the dog's harness, back and forth, back and forth across the room they went until assurance flowed from her hand to his, from her heart to his, and his steps became surer, his face lighted with triumph. She had helped him learn how to dress and undress, using fingers for eyes. She had worked out the system of laying out his clothes most conveniently. Always she worked with him with that air of calm assurance, that courageous confidence. Yes, Dorothy Highe had held up well.

Only once had she broken, and, strangely, it was over something that had nothing directly to do with Danny. That was the day Bob sold the gleaming new sedan and drove home the battered old jalopy. "Oh, Bob," she wailed,

(Continued on page 30)





# *“Little Women”*

## *at Home*

By Emily C. Wilcox

ABBA ALCOTT and her four daughters, Anna, Louisa, Beth, and May, were asleep one night when the doorbell rang. Quickly Abba got up, for all through the long evening she had been expecting her husband, Bronson, to return from his “conversation” or lecture tour. She called the girls as she rushed to the door to greet him.

He beamed with pride at Abba and his little women as they took his hat and shawl, stirred up the fire, and prepared some hot soup. This welcome from his devoted family almost made him forget that his trip had not been a success. All listened eagerly as he told them some of the pleasant incidents of his trip.

“Did the people pay you?” asked little May.

He opened his purse to show them the dollar in it as he said, “Only that. My overcoat was stolen and I had to buy a shawl. But I have opened the way and another year shall do better.”

Abba Alcott, always loyal, always understanding, kissed him as she said, “I call that doing very well. Since you are safely home, dear, we won’t ask for anything more.”

Bronson was a loving father but one who lived at times in a mystic world of his own. In this world young people and their problems seemed very important to him. Most of all he wanted to be a helpful and understanding father to his girls. He often said, “I deem it very important to the well-being of my children to insure them a home.”

In order to do this he even offered his services as a laborer when the family finances were at a low ebb. He was not a success at hard work in the fields, for he often paused to dream about the wonders of nature.

From these thoughts he would pass to the contemplation of children, “God’s higher manifestation of creation.” Although his attempts at school-





Dining room, Orchard House

teaching had failed, his greatest desire was to make young people realize that their minds and their thoughts were "the God within us." This wonderful idea was passed on to his daughters.

Gay, lighthearted Abba Alcott mothered her husband and their girls in a delightful and yet practical way. They moved often, but their successive homes were always warm and cheerful. A few family possessions, dear to them all, traveled from house to house: a favorite reading lamp, a bust of Socrates, a picture of Pestalozzi, Colonel May's old mahogany center table, and two comfortable chairs for the hearth-side.

There were Bronson's books, too, among them his beloved *Pilgrim's Progress*. With flowers from the garden, a fire in the fireplace, a basket of sewing for the evening, it was home again. She taught the girls to enjoy their home duties by making a game of them. "Love your duty" was Abba Alcott's slogan. Louisa was very proud when her father called her "Duty's faithful child."

The real home life of these wonderful parents started when Anna, the first child, was born. Bronson wrote in his journal that day: "As agents of the Supreme Parent may we guide Anna in paths of truth, duty, and happiness." He really introduced the first baby book, for he commenced to record her development when she was only nine days old. He said to Abba, "I will keep this record until she is old enough to keep it herself."

A second baby book was started when Louisa was born on her father's thirty-third birthday. As she grew, it was plain that she had inherited her father's brilliant mind and her mother's imagination and humor. When Anna was four and Louisa two, Bronson wrote in his journal: "The children have a playroom where they enjoy their own amusements, uninterrupted by the presence of adults, often a bar to the genuine happiness of childhood." Later when the home was not large enough to give them such a room, they always had the attic or the barn. Many were the plays which they used to write and stage.

Elizabeth, the third child, was frail. Her ill health helped to bind the family closer together. When she was just a few hours old, Bronson recorded a precious bit about Anna's concern for her

baby sister. Louisa wanted to hold Elizabeth. Anna, only four, said, "Treat her carefully, Louisa, for she comes from God."

May, as so often happens with the youngest, was a special favorite with them all. Her father called her a "little queen." She was the one who loved the happiness of life and helped to bring it to the family. The love for the beautiful things in nature which she inherited from her father became her inspiration as an artist. Her success was a matter of great pride to the family. One can see evidences of it in the old homestead, "Orchard House," which so many have visited. She lovingly painted birds and flowers on walls, door panels, and window casements. And over the fireplace in the study she inscribed in old English characters this couplet:

The hills are reared, the valleys scooped in vain  
If learning's altars vanish from the plain.

As Bronson had hoped when he commenced the records of the children's development in his journals, the girls continued to write of their activities, their thoughts, and their problems. From these records we are able to paint for ourselves a portrait of the Alcott family. This training in writing was probably the beginning of Louisa's literary career.

Both parents wrote birthday letters every year for each one of the girls. Abba's letters were always full of love and understanding. She seemed especially concerned about her headstrong Louisa. In one letter she spoke of a doll which she was giving her. "She will be a quiet playmate for my active Louisa." Several of them mention the gift of a pen and pencil case. In Louisa's diary her mother wrote, "I have observed that you are fond of writing and wish to encourage the habit." It was certainly her encouragement which caused Louisa to persist in writing.

Faults or mistakes of the children were not discussed before the other members of the family. As soon as the girls could read, Bronson and Abba would write notes of reproof for unkind words or mistakes, and advise in a tactful way how faults



could be corrected. Just as often would be a note of praise for something generous or fine. They tried in this way to help their children know themselves. Bronson believed that right and wrong should be taught by suggestion. He was convinced that each child wished to do the right thing. Instead of commanding he would say, "You don't wish to do that."

The family looked forward to conversation at mealtime. Bronson and Abba always had interesting and worth-while subjects to talk about. They tried to talk in simple words so that all could understand. Anna, who was like her father in thinking about the more serious things, usually took an active part in the conversations. The subject of temperance was too much for her, though. She said doubtfully, "I think that I am temperate. I have few pains." Often they talked about books. Abba usually led. She was a born storyteller. Her wit and love of dramatic effect fascinated all of them, especially Louisa.

Bronson never lost his idea of schoolroom routine. He planned each day for the girls, calling it "The Day's Orders." They got up at five or six, bathed, and had breakfast. During the meal Bronson read from the Bible. Abba then played hymns on the organ and they all sang. By the time the housework was done, it was lunch time. For two hours after lunch they had lessons with Bronson, and the rest of the afternoon was theirs for recreation. After dinner and dishes came the best part of the day, an evening before the fire. Someone usually read while the others sewed. After a little music they went to bed at an early hour.

The girls made the most of their playtime. Louisa usually furnished the ideas and the leadership. Together they raced over the countryside, climbing the highest trees. On rainy days she dramatized the stories they read in the evening. One of their favorites was *Pilgrim's Progress*. With heavy bags over their shoulders they wearily climbed from basement to attic.

Abba never seemed too tired to enter into their fun, or to help with costumes or stage setting. Her birthday parties were the envy of the neighborhood children. One of the best was one she planned for Beth. She had the children bring in small evergreen trees, which were placed all around the kitchen. They wove wreaths of vines and flowers until the room was a fairyland. One little tree held the gifts on its branches. A lovely cake with smaller cakes surrounding it, and bowls of cherries added color to the table. After Beth's death the children loved to remember how happy she had been that afternoon.

Life was not always easy for the Alcotts. At times Bronson despaired of being able to provide a living for his family. As a teacher he was always ahead of his times and, although many of his ideas have now been adopted, he was widely misunderstood in those days. Because of this his teaching in the Temple School which he started in Boston came to a standstill after five years.

At first it was visited and praised by educators. But these were the days of abolition and bitterness, and when he admitted a little Negro girl, he lost all his other students. Bronson, although bitterly disappointed, said, "The only course which as a man of dignity and honor I can pursue is to preserve silence as I have committed no offense nor stepped aside from my line of duty."

After attempts to earn a living in various ways Bronson turned to his "conversation" or lecture tours. In those hard days when food and clothing had to be very plain, Abba somehow managed "a bit of trimming." She managed so well in her cheery way that her family of girls did not know what a struggle it was. That they grew up cherishing the happiest memory of their home is a tribute to Abba Alcott.

It was this home life created by Bronson and Abba Alcott which has been immortalized by Louisa in her book *Little Women*. Abba listened to each chapter as it was finished and knew that the reading world would like it. Perhaps she had secret hope that it might help other mothers and fathers in working out some of their home problems. She was right about its success, for within a few months three or four editions had been sold.

*Little Women* will ever be the story of a delightful family: Bronson, the lovable philosopher, Abba, his gay and lighthearted wife and their four little women.

Louisa May Alcott







PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

By Marion S. Buehler

AN OLD, deserted, brick house near my childhood home in northern Ohio was our favorite place to play, and it exerted a great influence on my present appreciation and discrimination of antiques. The one-room school near by specialized in McGuffey's *Readers* and McMaster's *History*. I recall in the latter, the romantic picture of the Puritan maid standing before a huge fireplace whose crane was hung with strange kitchen paraphernalia. Accompanying the picture was an entry from an old diary containing an incredibly long list of duties which an early New England housewife had performed in a single day. The abandoned house also had a huge fireplace, and a crane with one battered kettle on its hook; and here, while the other children played hide-and-seek, in my imagination I became the Puritan maid preparing for the return of a happy, hungry family.

Almost thirty years later, the dream came true—I found myself cooking at our very own open fire, in the great fireplace of a historic, stone, farmhouse built in 1763, near Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. Lest you should think a love for the old has carried us beyond the

pale of reason, it must be said that this method of preparing our meals was employed for only a few days while the kitchen was being remodeled. The problems of preparing food over the open fire, and of making it appear edible and suitable for serving, made the task of the Puritan woman seem a masterful feat, indeed!

Between these incidents at the two old hearthstones, came the adventure-packed years of collecting antiques. Once antique-conscious, I read everything I could find in the libraries on the subject, and eager to have at least a few old things, I set out in all kinds of weather to find what I could. I was always on the alert for anything old, and this eagerness resulted in finding family pieces hitherto unnoticed.

By the 1930's, when my husband and I began to buy old things for the house, the good things described in the books had been picked up long since. We could depend then only on chance and persistence to find treasures. Indeed, we have found but few, yet the simple, country pieces available have proved harmonious with our tastes, and suitable to our needs. It became a rule never to

pay more for an old piece than for the same article in a modern version. We felt that this financial limit was quite a handicap, but at the same time, it protected us from dealers who asked fantastic prices for their wares. We did not own a car and were dependent upon the kindness of friends who took us to many country auctions. Auctions are always a thrill, but the enervating business of bidding leaves me emotionally so off-balance that I am certain to feel the loser whether or not I have come by the article. For that reason I prefer a quiet private sale. However, one of the interesting auctions we attended was a small one in the Vermont hills. Nothing much of value was being put up and the bidding was quiet. We rummaged about on the porch where things were stacked and found in a crate of worthless books, a leather-bound copy of *Josephus' Works*, Vol. 2. At this time we were buying old books, but only if they were at least 100 years old, leather-bound, and if they sold for a price so low that self-respect forbids mention of the figure. When the auctioneer put up the crate, I began the bidding with my shamefully low price, but



Antiques

at Valley Forge

***If the urge to remodel an old house hasn't hit you as yet,  
it will after you read this article . . .***



A meal is prepared over the open fire  
in the old kitchen

immediately the bidding skyrocketed. A man and a woman in the crowd were bidding up the crate of books at dollar increases, until the figure rose from the few cents I had mentioned to \$6, for which the man bought the books. After a few uninteresting items were disposed of by the auctioneer, another crate of worthless books, including Vol. 4 of the same series, was put up. The bidding followed the same pattern as before until it was knocked down to the woman bidder for \$8. By now we had an exaggerated notion of the treasure that had slipped from our hands, so we gathered up the old cracked teapot and the brass skimmer we had acquired by nodding to a friend across the circle of bidders—a gesture of which the canny auctioneer took quick advantage—and started home in the crisp, exquisite, autumn twilight. As we were talking about the auction, we noticed an old barn which bore a small homemade sign “Antiques.” Obviously this was no dealer’s place and it gave promise of adventure. The owners were simply selling some of their worthless chattels, among which was a complete set of *Josephus’ Works*. The binding was identical with that of

those sold at the auction. We bought the four-volume set for 75 cents!

Most of the things with which we have furnished our house for next to nothing, were found at private sales. It was my custom to copy from the morning papers the addresses of places where household goods were for sale. I would rush to the place, often with both of the children packed in the stroller. There, quietly, I found many lovely things for little money. We found a Sheraton card table in an old garage; the start of our horn-of-plenty glass collection; many odd pieces of tableware, stands, tables, silver;

and an original wing chair in the basement.

Our children, Philip and Gretchen, were brought home from the hospital in an old cradle coverlet for which my father had made a special trip into Indiana in order to buy it from a distant relative. In this is woven the family name, as well as the weaver’s, together with “Susquehanna Township” where it was made for our family in 1844. We were pleased to have found in an old barn, a simple cradle which was adequate for the children when very young. This was being used to hold apples when we found it. From a dealer we bought the two-slat maple



The old family Bible is used every day





Corner cupboard and Sheraton table with pewter



The sofa that was almost carted away for junk

This cradle was found in an old barn



high chair, with thistle finials and a splint bottom.

Small dealers helped us no end in our quest for old things. They operate on small margins, and in the winter mark down their high summer tourist prices. We bought from them many things in the rough, and refinished the pieces ourselves. In this way we got our cherry dining table. When we first saw it, it had just been brought in from the country where it was being used as a butchering table. It is the swing-leg type and the leaves were so long that we were able to cut out the portion which the rats had knawed, and still have very deep leaves.

We bought an eighteenth-century country sofa in the rough from a dealer at a high price, and put it in the basement to await the time when we could have the torn linen homespun cover and the wooden bottom and straw studding replaced with something more comfortable. When the trash man came on his next visit, he was sure that this old wreck was marked for the discard, so he and his assistant were carting it out to the waiting truck when I happened, by the merest chance, to look out and see! I screamed at them madly, explaining that this was almost a museum piece, and that they must replace it carefully! My mother, who was visiting us at the time, shook her head in amusement and consternation as she remarked, "Now *there* is a man with some sense!"

On one occasion when relatives from Ohio were visiting us, we set off into the hills for a picnic. And what a picnic it turned out to be! We lost our way among the twisting narrow roads, and we found we were entering a forlorn-looking tract of land, clearly marked "U.S. Artillery Range." We proceeded cautiously, and after passing one or two mountain farms with vacant houses and barns, we stopped to eat our lunch at a particularly irresistible one. This was a most artistic house, with center chimney about which the house seemed to be built. The guests were mildly interested, and said they were hungry. Who, I thought, could think of food at a time like this? I ran inside the house immediately. I was amazed! In one room stood an old, pine, corner-cupboard, with lovely curving shelves; in another a four-slat, mushroom-post armchair of maple! I knew I must be dreaming. I ran outside, calling the others to come, but they insisted on eating before venturing into the house. Once having seen, however, they were unanimous in their decision that these things must be rescued from the bombardment that would soon take place, judging from the destruction visited upon the others we had seen. Back to town we rushed to ask the Commandant at Fort Ethan Allen whether we might have these things. He graciously gave us a permit that granted us the privilege of taking what we wanted from all of the houses in the Artillery Range. We had one of the biggest adventures of our lives as we searched through the

(Continued on page 30)



Long ago the psalmist sang words of assurance to the righteous—food in times of famine; safety in times of peril; and unblemished record in days of evil. For the aged these are his words,

I have been young, and now am old;  
Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken,  
Nor his seed begging bread.

—Psalm 37: 25.

Now that our parents, who once were young, are old, we do not want to see them forsaken, and usually we can find the wherewithal to help them without “begging bread.” But how should we help them and look after them? Should they live by themselves?

Dedicated Christian families have answered the latter question both “yes” and “no” under varying circumstances. Certainly, each family must decide for itself, the answer depending upon the financial and physical condition as well as the temperament of the persons involved. But perhaps an objective study of a few basic rules to follow and of a few typical cases will prove helpful to families currently confronted with a problem so fraught with emotion.

The first thing to do is to face the present realistically—a difficult thing to do, especially when the needs of two or three generations are involved. There is the old joke about the young woman who was afraid the young man seeking her hand would not be able to support her in the style to which she had always wanted a chance to become accustomed! Perhaps the reverse is the case

# Should They Live Alone?

By Ruth C. Ikerman



—Harold M. Lambert



when children consider whether parents shall continue to live alone. Often there is a marked divergence of ideas as to what is necessary or acceptable, and what meets the standard requirement of one generation may even exceed that of another.

Eating habits and diets may differ. Older persons are usually content with fewer clothes than their middle-aged sons or daughters. Their travel wants are fewer, but their medical needs may be greater. All these differences should be discussed before any radical change in living habits is made. The tastes and interests of both generations should be consulted.

In one church is a family which, to all outward appearances, made the necessary adjustments when their parents moved in with them. The parents were provided with a room with an outside entrance so that they might have more freedom and greater privacy. A joint sharing of available funds was considered. It was as near an ideal arrangement as could be visualized. Yet the young woman of the household is close to a nervous disorder. Her physician has urged her to face up to her problem of adjusting to the two households under one roof.

At the same time the physician recognizes that the parents were in better health in their own home. There the fight for existence in itself added zest to life, even in doing the routine chores. Now even their muscles are growing flabby from disuse. The doctor is counseling both generations to find a more equal distribution of tasks, to increase independence rather than dependence. Otherwise, he fears, large doctor bills will drain what were considered ample funds for both families.

Usually, financial problems do figure in the "doubling up" of aged parents with middle-aged sons and daughters. Food and clothing needs are, of course, about the same wherever the families live, but the cost of rent and utilities is greatly reduced. But in one family the children discovered that by cutting corners in their own budgets, they could together contribute a check which covered the cost of rent and utilities for their parents' home. First, however, they had had to be convinced that their parents' existing standard of living as to food and clothing was what they themselves really desired.

Without tasks to keep them busy, it is easy for older people to fall into a habit of criticizing those who are working and trying to please. One of the best household managers I know of is a woman whose husband never earned a large salary. To the problem of tasty food on a small income she applied her good brain, with the result that her inexpensive casserole dishes are always the first bought at the cooked food sales at church. By carefully stretching her budget, she was able to support her aging parents when they came from another state to make their home with her.

This accomplished cook was soon reduced to tears because her parents thought she spent too much on groceries. "How long has it been since your parents went shopping?" I asked her. She said it

had been months, since she always went on crowded sales days to save funds and did not want to bother them. So I suggested that she make it their responsibility to fill out the grocery lists for the next few weeks. If they were physically unable to do all the actual shopping, let them use pencil and paper and check through the Friday night sales advertisement of bargains.

Hesitantly she tried this scheme. When she called me the next week there was a trace of her old-time giggle. The parents had called her in for help in adding up their figures because they felt sure they must have made some mistake. Surely such simple staples as soap, flour, salt, oatmeal could not produce such a staggering total!

In another home the daughter-in-law, facing a sickness emergency, sent her critical father to the store to do the shopping and pick up needed medicine. He was hungry for meat and thought his daughter did not serve enough of it so he bought that first. He came home shamefacedly to report that he had not had money enough for the prescription! To the young mother's credit, she did not remind him of it over and over. She simply stated the case properly: that she hoped now he would know she was really trying to feed her family well in a time of inflated prices.

Both instances were solved only when the parties involved faced the hard realities of living in a time of dollar devaluation. Also entering into the solution was the partial feeling of independence when the older people took some of the responsibility for the shopping. Had they lived alone, they would have known the prices automatically and been aware of their consistent rising.

Some of those who live alone face terrific problems of managing small budgets and conquering loneliness. Yet through facing these problems they grow in strength and become fine influences for others. Nowhere in the scriptures are any of us promised release from all burdens and cares, except insofar as we learn to trust God's goodness and to rely on him for guidance and sustaining power. But children often wish they could take away all burdens from their parents even as the parents in youth tried to protect the children. Regarding this a minister once confessed, "One of the hardest lessons I ever learned was that you cannot shield from life those you love. The most you can do is to stand by with love and faith."

Making allowances for slowing down in physical and mental reactions also helps to face the problems of age realistically. This is true of the aging children as well as the aging parents. Many parents who live to long years fail to realize that their children also are growing older, and are not perpetually in the land of youth. In one church is a sacrificing daughter who has never married and who supports her mother by secretarial work. Unthinking friends often compliment the mother and say she looks younger than the daughter. Why shouldn't this daughter look almost as old as the



mother? After all, she is only twenty years younger. And for over thirty years she has worked hard at regular office hours supporting her widowed mother who has kept house in the old-fashioned routine which includes time out for a nap whenever she wants it. Not once has the mother ever had to sit up late struggling with the complexities of an income tax report!

Criticism by those who should know better is one of the hardest by-problems any family meets as it tries to decide whether the parents should continue to live alone. Those who are in small income brackets sometimes look at another man and say, "If I had his wealth, I'd surely do much better by my parents." Since they have never had the problems of such income, they do not know what an increasingly high percentage of it goes these days into taxes. With the current mandatory payments, many high incomes are less than medium-sized judged by standards of twenty years ago. Indeed, today's yearly tax payment would have more than sustained parents in luxury or rest homes thirty years ago. As the problems of old age become more prevalent since more of us live longer, there is increased obligation on the part of all of us not to be critical of the other fellow and how he meets his problems!

Likewise those who praise often do not know what they are endorsing. Recently I heard of what seemed like an ideal situation which would enable a widowed mother to live alone and be supported financially. Five sons and a daughter got together, projected their own dreams into her life, bought her a little place in the country, and furnished it for her. Then one fine day they descended on her in her city apartment and moved her belongings with a real glow of a generous deed well done!

The truth was that they could not possibly have done anything worse for their mother. The house was located too far for her to walk to the store every day. Everything had to be ordered by telephone and it was hard for her to think of variety without seeing the items on their shelves. The city had furnished mail service to her door. Here she had to walk to the box a block away, and she could not do this in bad weather. In the rented apartment she had neighbors on both sides of her to whom she could call or who would stop in for a cup of tea. In the suburbs all her near neighbors were young working men and women with no time for anything except a casual "Good morning." When the community pastor came to call, she told him sadly, "My children meant so well. But it would have been better if they had buried me."

We all need to have a sense of belonging to life and of being needed by someone, if only by those others of our own generation who have lived similarly. Each routine needs to have within it certain habits of interest which will sustain health, the responsibility of caring for a lawn, or crocheting strips to protect wooden coat hangers from ruining clothes.

Yes, the problem of whether or not to live alone in old age may become one of life or death. In facing it any Christian family feels the full weight of such responsibility. There may be no perfect solution to this problem, but some are better and others worse. Let us set up some points to help pick out the distinguishing characteristics of a satisfactory solution.

*First*, face the problem realistically in all its angles, good and bad.

*Second*, make your own decision regardless of criticism of well-meaning friends and other relatives who are not financially concerned.

*Third*, try to make the necessary financial and proximity adjustments in a loving spirit with a prayer for patience.

*Fourth*, in solving individual problems as they arise, try to find the solution which calls for continuing independence.

*Fifth*, remember that the aim of Christian life is the cultivation here on this earth of personality fit for eternity, and use difficult home situations as a means of building character.

*Sixth*, endeavor to be of maximum usefulness to others by sharing even average talents willingly across the gap of generations.

*Seventh*, rely on the promises of God which give the only true sense of security, remembering the righteous are "never forsaken."

The responsibility of caring for a lawn will create a habit of interest and sustain health

—H. Armstrong Roberts







Class is being introduced to the Jones family whose home and household schedule they are going to study in their classes of social behavior and family relationship

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROY PINNEY FROM MONKMEYER

In their classroom which is actually a neat, big, attractive living room, kept in order by themselves, high school students enjoy their courses in social behavior and family relationship. The pleasant atmosphere invites discussions about future family problems. Frequent guests are alumni who bring their offspring along for informal demonstrations



## School for Living To

Among the many complaints about our problematic youths, among the many words spoken in connection with a curb on juvenile delinquency and a stop of the divorce rate, there is a shining example of action in the regular high school courses on social behavior and family relationship given at the Toms River High School.

The classroom is a large, comfortable wood-paneled living room with many easy chairs, and gives an atmosphere of confidence, relaxation, and general pleasantness.

Sex education is not included in this course, but any discussion which touches this particular question is being carried on as far as necessary. But the emphasis is *living* and the problem is to teach young adults to learn to master their lives by getting prepared for marriage, parenthood, and family living as early as possible.

Toms River, New Jersey, like any other town, had its problems with local adolescents. Academic school standards were excellent, but the human development of the young people was not satisfactory. Here Dr. Edgar M. Finck, founder of the program, came in and introduced as new courses with full credits "Social Behavior" and "Family Relationship." Judging from the testimony of graduates who took the courses, they will be forever grateful. What is just as good, the marriage statistics of students who attended show that



## r, New Jersey



One of the boys is acting in the role of father with the little girl of the Joneses

They broke all records for successful marriages in the United States. Mrs. Elizabeth Force, the teacher in charge, now teaches daily fifty-minute periods for one semester. She feels that she can make only a beginning, but to stimulate eagerness to deal with family problems, to counsel and develop certain favorable attitudes will be helpful to her students. The classes com-

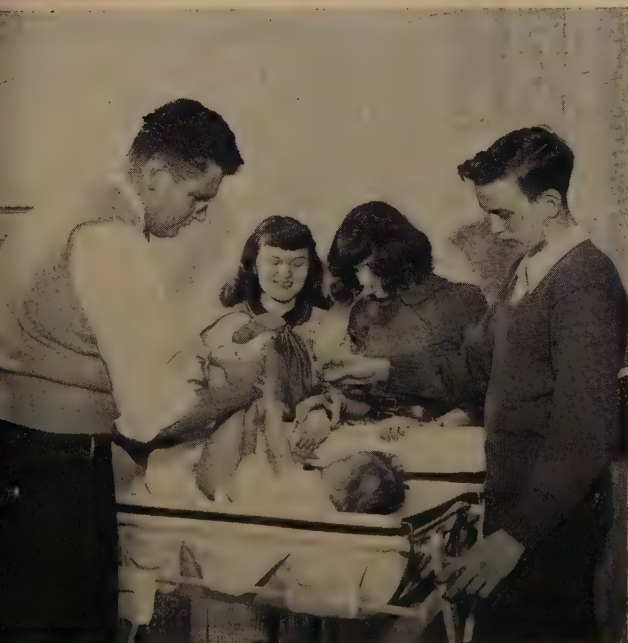
prise discussions, practical demonstrations, and field trips. Starting from the discussion of newspaper-reading husbands via sloppily dressed young housewives, they go into the very important matter of budgeting, child education, and consumer training. Actual situations are being demonstrated by the students. Prominent community leaders, clergy-

men, or doctors are being invited for special discussions. And older graduates come to the classes or invite the students to their houses to demonstrate how their homes operate and to tell the youngsters what they got out of the course taken a few years earlier.

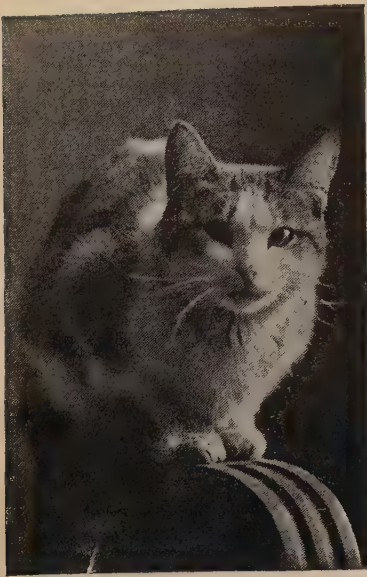
If one hears them talk, there is no question that the unique Toms River experiment is a full success.

Today's fathers are expert at diapering babies. An eager boy enjoys the demonstration while handing over a safety pin

Students notice from this picture that fathers should just as well feed babies as mothers. This young couple went through the course in their own high school days, and are full of appreciation for what they learned







# Tatters, the Calico Cat

By Bernice Barnes Fritz

Tatters was a calico cat. She was black and yellow and white and gray. When she was just a little kitten, she had become lost. She wandered and wandered until she was so hungry and so tired, that she did not care if she lived or died.

Finally she spied a big porch with a doll buggy sitting there. Because she was so tired and chilly, she crept into the buggy and snuggled down among the doll covers to go to sleep. How she wished she was at her own home and near her own mother.

Soon the door of the house opened. Out came a little girl with a sweet face and pretty curls. She saw the calico cat at once.

"Mother, Mother! Come here and see what is in my doll buggy," she called.

Mother appeared in the doorway. "Why, Nancy, a kitten!" she exclaimed.

"Mother, may we keep her? She really belongs to us for she came to our house," Nancy added.

"Well, you may keep her if we cannot find her owner," said her mother softly.

Even though Nancy tried to find the owner during the next few days, she was very happy that no one claimed the kitten. The calico cat became Nancy's own pet.

Mother suggested that they call the kitten "Tatters" because she was so scrawny and her fur was so spotted.

Tatters grew to love Nancy and Nancy loved Tatters very much.

All winter Nancy and Tatters played games. They had a hide-and-seek game. Tatters would get behind the couch and then jump out at Nancy when she came looking for her. Sometimes Nancy would pull a string with a tiny piece of paper tied to the end. Tatters loved to follow that, for she pretended that the paper was a mouse. Nancy would squeal and laugh as Tatters jumped and ran after the paper.

Tatters grew up that winter. But Nancy did not mind. She still loved her pet. She learned many things about Tatters. She learned how cats eat, what they like, and how they wash their faces. She also learned how to pick up a cat the right way so as not to hurt it and how to stroke the fur the right way.

When early summer came, Tatters did a surprising thing. One morning she did not come up from the basement for breakfast. Mother went down to see what was the matter. There was Tatters. But why do you suppose she had not come up the stairs for her breakfast? She had four tiny baby kittens in her bed with her.

Mother called Nancy to come down right away. Nancy was excited over the wonderful thing that had happened, but Tatters was the happiest of all. She purred and arched her back to be stroked

and then went back and washed her babies in the proudest way.

"Mother, Mother! May we keep them?" Nancy exclaimed.

Mother answered, "We will have to keep them for awhile, until they are old enough to care for themselves. See, Nancy, their eyes are not opened yet. It will take nine days for their eyes to begin to open."

While Mother and Nancy ate their breakfast, they talked about the kittens. Mother said, "Nancy, dear, we cannot possibly keep all the kittens. That would make five cats for us. A city is not a desirable place for cats."

Nancy's face clouded, for she loved all the kittens.

"But," continued Mother, "you may select one of Tatters' kittens to keep for your very own. And when the others are old enough, we will find nice homes for them."

Every day the kittens grew. There was a yellow one with stripes of deeper yellow and a yellow and white one. There was a gray and white one and one mostly gray. Each was beautiful in its own way. Nancy would decide on one, but the next day she would decide on another. It really was quite difficult to decide which one to keep.

When the kittens were six weeks old, Cousin Bob, his wife and little boy came from their farm to visit Nancy.

(Continued on page 24)



# with Young Children

## A WORD TO PARENTS

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

Or, if you and your child have quiet moments together, apart from the regular family worship, the poems, songs and other materials given here may help you share an experience of worship.

Some of the poems, songs and prayers suggested here are from the graded church school materials. If your church uses these materials, your child will have brought home the books or leaflets in which these poems and other materials appear. He will enjoy using these with you at home.

The worship resources given here are divided into three sections: (a) for the 3-year-olds, (b) for the 4- and 5-year-olds; (c) for the 6-, 7-, and 8-year-olds. Should your child want to make his own book of devotions, cut, or let your child cut, along the colored border of each small page. He may paste each of these pages into a loose-leaf or spiral notebook, or on sheets of paper of uniform size which he can tie together with a ribbon.

*It is hoped that the materials on these pages will help you as you guide your child in worship experiences.*

## Theme for September

## GROWING IN WISDOM AND STATURE

### To Use with Children Three Years Old . . .

*And Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man.* —LUKE 2:52

You see daily so many evidences of growth in your three-year-old child. How happy it makes you feel to know that he is growing and that you have an important part in that growth. Through proper care of your child, you are, in accordance with God's plan, contributing to his growth.

You want more than physical growth for your child, however. You want him to grow in wisdom, in stature, and in favor with God and man, even as Jesus did. In order to help him grow in these ways, you will be patient with the questions of your child. His curiosity, as he begins to learn about the world in which he lives, is an opportunity for you to help him grow in wisdom.

As you yourself pray, at mealtime, at bedtime, or at other times, your child will begin to realize that "talking to God" is a very natural thing to do. Perhaps you can put into words your child's feeling when he has had a happy experience. For example, on his birthday, you might say, "My boy is growing. I'm glad God planned for boys to grow." This will not only please your child and make him feel important, but it will also help him to connect his feeling of appreciation for growth with God.

To help your child grow in favor with man, he must learn to be and do what is right. Even a three-year-old can begin to make simple choices and to understand what is right and good to do.

Yours is one of the highest tasks of all, that of helping a young child to grow and develop "in wisdom, in stature, and in favor with God and man."

—RNS





## To Use with Children Four and Five Years Old . . .

(Cut around the broken lines and paste each small page into your own book about God's love and care.)

### GROWING IN WISDOM

And the child grew . . . —Luke 2:40.

#### *A Happy Thought*

God planned many ways for boys and girls to grow. He planned that they should use their eyes, ears, and minds to learn about the world in which they live. There are so many wonderful things to learn about—birds, turtles, fish, and dogs. There are flowers and trees. There are people and oh, so many things! I'm glad I can learn about the world. I'm glad I can learn about God.

### GROWING IN FAVOR WITH GOD

Do what is right and good.—Deuteronomy 6:18.

#### *Glad to Grow*

It isn't always easy  
To do what's right and good;  
Sometimes it's hard for me  
To do the things I should.  
But when I do what's right,  
It is so good to know  
That God is glad also  
To see how I can grow.

—JUANITA PURVIS

### GROWING IN STATURE

And the child grew and became strong.—  
Luke 2:40.

#### *Table Grace*

God is great,  
God is good,  
Let us thank him  
For this food.  
Amen.

### GROWING IN FAVOR WITH MAN

Love one another.—John 15:12.

#### *My Prayer*

Dear God, I'm glad you planned for boys and girls to grow. I want to grow in every way I can. I'll try to eat the food I should and rest when I am tired. I'll try to be kind and helpful to others. Help me, God, to grow as I should. Amen.



## To Use with Boys and Girls Six, Seven and Eight Years Old . . .

(Cut around the broken lines and paste each small page into your own book of devotions.)

### GROWING IN WISDOM

Jesus increased in wisdom . . .—Luke 2:52.

#### *Things that Help Us Grow*

We thank Thee, our Father,  
For hard things to do!  
Some things we don't like,  
And things that are new.  
Many errands to run,  
A bad problem or two.  
We thank Thee, our Father,  
For hard things to do!

—CAROLYN M. KESSLER

#### *Story*

"Growing in Wisdom," Primary Pupil's Book, Second Year, Summer Quarter, page 34.

#### *Song*

"Glad I Am to Grow," Primary Pupil's Book, First Year, Summer Quarter, page 45.

### GROWING IN FAVOR WITH GOD

Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God . . .—Luke 2:52.

#### *These Things Help Me Grow in Favor with God*

Showing Kindness  
Praying  
Reading My Bible  
Going to Church  
Loving Others  
Being Patient  
Helping Others  
Choosing the Best

#### *Prayer*

Help me, dear God, to be strong to do the things which are right and best to do. Amen.

### GROWING IN STATURE

Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature . . .

—Luke 2:52.

#### *I Think of God's Plan for Growth*

God planned for boys and girls to grow in many ways. He planned for food to help them grow. He planned the nighttime for rest, to help them grow. He planned for mothers and fathers and others to care for boys and girls and help them grow. He planned for people to use their minds to think of best ways to live and grow. I want to grow in all the ways God planned so that I can be the best person I can be.

#### *Prayer*

Dear God, help me to grow in every way I can so that I will be the kind of person you want me to be. Amen.

### GROWING IN FAVOR WITH MAN

Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and with man.—Luke 2:52.

#### *My Prayer*

Dear God, I'm glad you planned ways for boys and girls to grow. I want to grow in wisdom and so I shall try to use my eyes, my ears and my mind the best that I can. I want to grow in stature and so I will try to do the things which will help me grow, such as eating proper food and getting enough rest. I want to be pleasing to you and to people, so I shall try hard to know your will and do the things I should. Please help me to grow in the best ways possible. Amen.



# So You're on Your Own?

By Lloyd Putnam

**Young people, on their own for the first time, often wonder how far their new independence extends in relation to their home life. Parents, too, are standing on new ground. In this article Lloyd Putnam gives some ideas that will help bridge the gap**

**W**ALTER had a job in a local factory and was looking toward military service in a short time. Mary worked in one of the nurseries in town. John had been in the service and was now getting settled again in his home town. Sue was attending a college a few blocks from her home.

Apparently these young people had little in common. But wait! Didn't they really have a great deal in common? For each one had left high school in the not too distant past, and each was now living at home with his parents. They shared that feeling of independence that comes when one is out of high school and in the late teens or early twenties. All four had figuratively signed an unwritten declaration of independence from the domination of parents and teachers and were now on their own.

Walter, Mary, John, and Sue were also very much alike in that each was confronted with some of the peculiar problems that face post-high-school youth as they continue to live at home. Walter was making a good salary and was wondering how much he should contribute to family expenses. Sue wondered how much work around the house her parents would expect of her since she did have to study most of her free time. Mary was on the brink of engagement but was not quite sure of the attitude of her parents toward it. John was in the process of readjustment and was looking for a job "with a future." But he wasn't

sure whether or not he should take his dad's advice.

All four youth were involved in adjusting themselves to their parents in a new way since they now had "independence." But how independent were they really? How independent did they have a right to be? How seriously should they take their parents' advice? These were questions that bothered not only them but also their parents. Perhaps they are questions which you, too, in a similar situation, are also asking. They are questions that need an answer.

Crystal-ball answers are impossible. Each situation and each problem has its own peculiar features. Yet perhaps some guiding principles can be suggested that will help in finding concrete solutions. Maybe some guiding lights can be posted although each must steer his own course. Here are some of the lights for the Christian family, lights that should cast their beckoning rays toward both the young person and the adult as each seeks to solve the inevitable problems of life.

*Spiritual unity.* In a Christian family the home should be thought of as a unit in which each member plays an important and vital part. Underlying every activity will be the spiritual unity which comes only from a mutual sense of devotion to a supreme cause, to a supreme God. This cause will aim at the fullest realization by every family member of what it means to be a mature person and a son of God. Home life should be saturated with this spiritual atmos-

phere; otherwise even the smallest of problems will appear difficult and the successful solution of it dubious. A mutual loyalty to God should give both the young person and the parent a common meeting ground as together they work out their problems.

*Mutual respect.* Faith in each other and a mutual respect for the sacred worth of each person in the family will follow from a common devotion to God. Independence and freedom will be important values. This will mean that the mature young person will be given a chance to share in family plans that affect everyone. He will have some voice, and in return he will respect the voices of the others. If there is more than one young person in the family, it means that the parents will not play favorites.

Independence will also mean a greater opportunity for the young person to make decisions. However, if the family is thought of as a spiritual unit, he will quite naturally be eager to share his plans with others, to talk over some of his more important decisions, and to gain from the broader experiences of others. The mature young person will realize that getting married and choosing a new job are momentous decisions that require careful thought. The mature parent will respect the young person's right to come to his own decision, although this does not mean that helpful suggestions and counsel cannot be given. Mary, for example, should be happy to share some of her courtship problems, knowing that her parents



Mary was on the brink of engagement but was not sure of her parents' attitude to it.



—Harold M. Lambert.

will respect her opinions and not dictate what she is to do. John should feel free in letting his dad counsel him about a job, knowing that he will ultimately be allowed to make the decision himself.

*Christian responsibility.* In a Christian home there will also be a sense of responsibility. Independence without responsibility would soon lead to chaos. The Christian young person will live by the insight that we are members one of another and thus have the obligation to uphold the rights of others as well as our own. He will feel an inward compulsion to respond willingly to the needs of others, knowing that if one member of the family rejoices, all have reason to rejoice; if one sorrows, all have reason to sorrow.

He will be sensitive to the feelings, hopes, problems, and fears of his parents. Consider Walter, with his problem of how much to contribute to family income. His decision will depend on his sensitivity to the needs of his parents as well as on his own essential needs.

*Great expectations.* Beyond the

unity of faith and the sense of freedom and responsibility, Christian family life will also be guided by the light of "great expectations." There will be an implicit, mutual expectation of the best from everyone. There will be a mutual confidence in the ability of each to exert self-control. Translated into practice this would mean, for example, that parents would no longer feel the necessity for staying up till everyone is in at night. They would expect the best of their young adults, knowing that this is the only way of developing a strong sense of responsibility and integrity. Christians should always have great faith in others, and perhaps nowhere is this more important than in early manhood and womanhood.

*Creative tension.* In spite of every effort to reduce frictions in the home, conflicts will inevitably occur. When they do, there is another light to guide us. When tensions and problems arise, every opportunity should be used to make them creative—a chance for a deeper understanding of one an-

other. Instead of compulsive condemnation, there will be a sincere attempt to understand why others differ in their opinions and plans. Conflicts will be used for growth rather than destruction of personality. Most significantly, underlying all tensions there should be the support that comes from a common faith in the power of a love that suffers long and is patient.

Sue might well run into difficulties with her parents when they seem to demand too much of her time in the performance of household chores. But the problem can be worked out if it is approached in the spirit of the sharing of needs and the creative use of tension.

**T**HESE are some of the guiding lights that can be used by older youth confronted with the problems of living at home. It must be stressed, however, that these guides are worthless if not applied and followed in a spirit of Christian love. Christian solutions to our problems are strongly, if not entirely, dependent on



Christian attitudes and relationships. Given a family where love is a natural part of the emotional atmosphere, there is already present a sturdy foundation for working out the hardest of problems.

What can the young person do as he continues to live at home and as he meets new parental and emotional problems? He can aim at the creation of the kind of family life in which conflicts will be kept at a minimum, the kind of family life in which there is a fine balance between independence and responsibility. When trouble does arise, he can try to meet it in a truly Christian spirit of respect, understanding, and love.

### Tatters, the Calico Cat

(Continued from page 18)

"Nancy, could we take a couple of kittens home with us?" asked Cousin Bob. "We really need them on the farm. I promise you that we will be very good to them."

Nancy looked at Mother. Mother said, "I think the little kittens would be very happy on Cousin Bob's farm, don't you, Nancy?"

"I guess so," returned Nancy. She knew now that she would really have to choose.

"Which two may we have, Nancy?" Cousin Bob asked.

"Oh, I don't really know yet. They are all so cute," Nancy replied.

"Well," said Cousin Bob, "maybe it would be a good idea for them to go in pairs. There are two which have yellow on them and two which have gray. Which pair would you like for us to take?"

"You may have the gray ones," said Nancy.

About a week later one of Nancy's friends came over to spend the afternoon with her. She wanted one of the kittens, too. She telephoned her mother to see if she might bring a kitten home. Her mother consented. Then Nancy had to make her final choice. Should she keep the yellow and white kitten or should she keep the yellow with deeper yellow stripes? Finally she chose the all-yellow kitten and named him "Tiger Lily." The little yellow-and-white kitten went home with Nancy's playmate.

A few days later Nancy and her mother went to visit a friend, Jane, who had just come home from the hospital where she had had an operation on her eyes. Her eyes were still bandaged and would be for many weeks.

Nancy sat near Jane's bed and talked with her.

## THIS IS THE WAY WE DID IT . . .

### Prayer before School

By Mrs. Forrest Leamer

Our only child started to school this fall and, to help him feel more secure, I suggested we have a prayer together before he left for school.

The first day or two our prayers were for Bill, but as he became acquainted with his school associates, our prayer list grew.

Now each morning we pray for the teachers, pupils, bus driver, janitor, and the cooks who serve the lunches.

Now it is Bill's suggestion each morning that we have our prayers.

I hope others will take the time to help their little ones learn the value of prayer.

### Picture Reading

By Mrs. Fred Huffman

When our oldest daughter started to kindergarten, I was employed part-time and was not always at home when she returned from school.

Since she could not read, we had to find some way of leaving a note that she could understand telling her where she was to go.

We cut from a magazine a picture of an elderly lady, one of a youthful lady, and one of a mother with children. Before I left home, I would tack the picture of the elderly lady on our kitchen bulletin board if she was to go to grandmother's, the one of the youthful lady if she was to go to her aunt's,

or the one of the mother if she was to go to a neighbor's who had small children.

She could tell at a glance where she was to go.

This system worked out fine for us.

HEARTHSTONE would like to have its readers tell how they have handled difficult family problems. Contributions should be limited to 500 words or less. Those which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. All unpublished manuscripts will be returned if they carry return postage. Here is a chance for our readers to help others!

"And do you know that Tatters had four baby kittens? We have given them all away except one. He is a beautiful yellow kitten and I call him Tiger Lily."

"Oh, I would love to have a little kitten," said Jane.

"I wish I had known before, Jane. You could have had one of the kittens just as well as the other people," said Nancy thoughtfully.

That night when Nancy was getting ready for bed, she began talking to Mother about the visit with Jane.

"Mother, Jane said she would like to have a kitten. Maybe I should give her Tiger Lily. I still have Tatters."

"That is a good idea," said Mother. "I am sure it will make Jane happy." Mother kissed Nancy.

"Could we take Tiger Lily over tomorrow?" Nancy asked.

"Yes, dear," Mother replied.

Just then Tatters jumped up on Nancy's bed. Nancy stroked Tatters' fur softly and whispered, "I am glad you came to our house, Tatters. I like your kittens, but I like you best of all!"



Do you have a worship center in your home? Or have you been just a bit embarrassed about discussing it? Have you found a worship center helpful or have you felt it was just another fad? And if you haven't one in your home, where would you put one, anyway?

By Doris Clore Demaree

# *To Have or Not to Have*

*Study Article and Study Guide*

—Shookney



**I**N THE homes of our ancestors the Bible was kept in a convenient place, often on the living room table, where it was handy for use in the family daily worship. This in its simplest form is a worship center, for there it lay reminding all of its precious message. Years passed. Still it lay on the living room table but since it seldom was open, it lost its usefulness and lay there only to gather the dust and thus add to the number of things that must be dusted.

A simple uncluttered arrangement develops an atmosphere for family worship.



Today in many homes there is a resurgence of Bible study and worship and there is a growing feeling among some Christian families that a home worship center is or should be an important place in every home. Let me tell you something of what has happened in one home over a period of almost twenty years.

The Bible always had occupied a place of honor in the living room of this home. It was convenient for reading. Its very convenience reminded the parents and the children of God's love and care and inspired their worship. No other books were piled upon it. It was handled carefully.

One day one of the children brought home his church school paper with a beautiful colored picture of the "Madonna of the Chair." He liked the picture so much that his mother hunted a picture frame that would set off its beauty and protect the print. Where could they hang it? It was the boy's picture and his mother thought he would want it in his room beside his bed, but no, he suggested a spot on the living room wall in a narrow space between two doors. As it hung there, he recalled the story of Jesus and often the conversation led naturally into a worship experience for the boy.

One day the mother pushed a small walnut table to the wall below the picture. Would the children like to keep a Bible there? One of the children's Bibles was chosen because it had so recently been received. "Would you like my picture of Jesus praying?" asked the mother. So beside the Bible they placed an easel-framed small picture of Christ in Gethsemane. How the children loved it all! The child Jesus on the wall, the man Jesus at prayer and the Holy Bible on the table made a triumvirate of worship aids calling them to worship throughout the day.

Months and years passed by. One day when the younger children needed a rainy-day activity, the mother gave them paper and crayons and the idea of a stained-glass window. She helped them outline an arched window and they filled it in crazy-quilt fashion with bits of color separated by heavy black lines. When they had finished, they liked it so much that they mounted it on heavy paper and fastened it to the wall below the small picture of the "Madonna of the Chair" and above the table with the Bible and picture of "Christ in Gethsemane." Their place of beauty and worship had more of themselves in it now and their interest in the bit of beauty they had created enhanced their interest in the worship center as a whole. It was easy to pick up the Bible and find well-loved verses and stories from time to time.

Again a long period of time passed. One day one of the children came home from church school with a beautiful crayoned wall hanging. It was a rectangle of cloth fringed at each end with the Chinese character for love crayoned in black in the center. This was worthy a place of honor on the walls of their home, but where? By that time the "stained-glass" window was a bit dilapidated so, by common

consent, it was taken down and replaced with the crayoned hanging.

Years later, when the children were all old enough to understand, the father made a simple walnut cross that became a part of the table equipment. The *Secret Place* joined the Bible on the table. Some times there was a book of prayers there. Always it was a reminder of worship and a place where worship materials were kept in a simple, lovely arrangement.

Recently a television set came to take its place in the family living room. As with the advent of any major piece of equipment, there was much readjusting of the living room furniture. The place of the worship center had to make way for a rearrangement of chairs for viewing the TV programs. If the worship center had not become such an established part of this family's living, it might have been left out. Instead, it became a more focal part of the room arrangement. Along the wall at the side of the new TV set hangs a lovely picture, "Follow Me," by Tom Curr. Because of its size, it dominates the wall. Below it stands a small table with an easy chair at its side. On the table are the walnut cross, a bowl of lovely dried flowers (real ones), the Bible, and other worship materials. Wherever one sits in that living room, this worship center holds his interest in a sort of dramatic way, calling the family and their guests to meditation and worship.

Going back some fifteen years we find that the mother and father began to notice that in each of the children's rooms their own materials of worship began to appear or collect in some one small area, usually the table and wall above that was most convenient to their beds: their Bible, a picture, devotional books, and the like. The daughter married. Soon on the shelf in her own living room appeared their Bible flanked by lovely candles, and on the wall above a picture of Sallman's head of Christ.

This is the story of one family. If we only knew of them, we could probably repeat story after story of similar experiences. Why?

It must be because they have found certain values in a worship center. The family in our story found many values.

1. It expressed in a tangible way their interest in spiritual things, and emphasized the important place religion had in their lives.

2. It helped to develop an atmosphere or readiness for worship. Just seeing it reminded them of God and of their desire and pledge to follow his way of life as taught by Jesus Christ. Even though they may have been busy with other things at the time, whenever they looked at this place of worship, worship thoughts and prayers, fleeting though they may have been, came to their hearts and minds. Because of this reminder they were better individuals than they would have been without it.

3. It made Bible reading easier and more likely. Because the Bible in sight reminded of itself and the easy chair near by provided a place to drop down





—Shockney

This convenient worship center reminds the whole family of God's love and care.

or awhile, even a brief time of Bible reading was possible and probable.

4. The fourth value which this family found was entirely unexpected. Everyone who entered their home, whether stranger or friend, quickly realized that this was the home of a Christian family. Look-

ing about they saw other evidences: the personal worship centers in the children's own rooms; church magazines and papers lying with the secular magazines and papers; other religious pictures on the walls; a hymnbook on the piano. The worship center was not a pose but a real expression of vital Christian living.

We have such a center in our home. A few rules or guides may be of help to you in setting up one in your own home.

1. Choose a convenient, focal, "just right" place. This might be a table against the wall as in our story. It could well be a shelf, an end table, or even a coffee table.

2. Make the center beautiful, with beauty that in its form, color, or arrangement will remind of God.

3. Make the arrangement simple. Too many things will only clutter. The smaller the space the fewer items should be used and the more care that needs to be taken relative to the size of the articles to be used.

4. Make the center meaningful. Begin with a copy of the Bible. Add items one at a time until you have what you want. This probably will mean that the arrangement and choice of items in it will be changed frequently.

5. Let each member of the family have a part in planning the center. Sometimes this could be group planning, sometimes individuals taking turns.

6. Make sure there is comfortable seating near by with adequate light for reading.

7. Make use of it in your own individual devotions and in family worship.

## STUDY GUIDE

### Preparation for the Meeting:

1. Carefully read the article "To Have or Not to Have."
2. Study the suggestions for the meeting as given on this page. Add other possible ideas of things to do as they come to your mind.
3. Think of those who will attend our meeting: their special interests, needs, and possible use of worship centers in their homes.
4. Plan your program for the meeting. Make assignments and all other preparations necessary for your meeting.

### Suggestions for Your Meeting: (Choose carefully)

1. Have someone retell briefly the story of how one family developed and used a worship center as told in the first part of the study article.
2. Discover what families in your group have a worship center and ask them to tell of their experiences with it.
3. Ask one or more families to drama-

## When Children Come With You

Well ahead of the meeting time secure a leader who will:

**Conduct a Story Hour.** Choose books of stories suitable for the age group who will attend. These books may be obtained from the children's departments in your church or from the public library. For young children the stories must be brief. Older children may prefer to take turns reading.

**Direct Games.** These, too, should be appropriate for the age children who participate. A good game book such as *Games for Boys and Girls*, by E. O. Harbin, is an excellent source. Older children may enjoy quiet table games, too.

Provide opportunities for making things with their hands. The younger children may be helped to fold a piece of heavy construction paper in half and then to

paste a lovely picture on one half with the top of the picture just below the fold of the paper. This will stand as an easel.

Older children may be helped to fold a piece of construction paper into three equal sections to make a triptych or three-section screen. A picture may be pasted on the center section and some ornamentation on each side section. This ornamentation could be a small section of design cut from paper doily, star seals or simple pattern of a stained-glass window.

When the meeting is over, the children may take their work home and use it in a simple worship center in their own room or wherever they might want to place them. Pictures used should be of such nature as to call the child's attention to thoughts of God.

(Continued on page 28.)



tize their own story of the worship center in their home.

4. Ask several families to set up as nearly as possible a worship center they have in their own home, telling why certain items were chosen for it and any other interesting or helpful bits of information about its setting up or use.

5. Have a discussion: "Are Worship Centers Helpful?" The four values stated in the study article may be used to start the discussion or as a final report to finish it.

6. Have a discussion: "Things to Keep in Mind When Setting Up a Worship Center." The leader for this part might make a flip chart of the rules given in the study article. If the group is small each sheet of the chart could be a single sheet of typing paper with one rule for each sheet. These could

be fastened on a small clipboard which could be held on one knee or a table. As the rules are stated and discussed, the sheets are then flipped or turned over to expose the next rule. If the group is large, larger sheets of paper can be used. These can be fastened to the top of a blackboard and flipped over as needed. Each rule can be stated (and should be) in as few words as possible on the chart with the discussion amplifying it.

7. Ask one family to set up their home worship center and lead the group in a family worship experience such as they have in their own home. This should be brief.

#### A Possible Plan for the Meeting:

1. Introduce the topic by having the story of how one family developed its

worship center as told in the study article.

2. Ask several families to set up worship centers they have and tell about them as they set them up.

3. Have a discussion "Are Worship Centers Helpful?"

4. Have a discussion using the flip chart.

5. Close with a family worship.

#### For Further Reference:

*Guideposts to Creative Family Worship*, by Edward W. and Anna Laura Gehard.

*The Family Worships Together*, by Mazelle Wildes Thomas.

*Opening the Door to God*, by Herman J. Sweet.

## BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18		19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26		27	28		29	30	31
32	33	34	35	36	37		38	39	40	41	42
43	44	45	46		47	48	49	50	51	52	
53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61		62	63
	64	65	66		67	68	69	70		71	72
	73	74	75		76	77	78	79		80	81
82	83	84	85	86		87	88	89	90		91
92		93	94	95		96	97	98	99		100
101	102	103		104	105	106	107	108		109	110
	111	112	113		114	115		116	117	118	119

A About one fourth of a month

83 17 21 70

B The lowest prize in a game

12 41 7 54 100

C The important man at a wedding

86 69 15 55 10

D The upper part of our Congress

110 46 81 32 1 25

E Came out of a sleep

117 49 71 80 95

F The President's first name

18 67 38 61 88 22

G Laughter or merriment

39 118 20 64 23

H A passenger ship

14 84 57 75 8

I False pride

16 43 92 59 30 11

J The bad man in a movie

42 91 45 76 62 50 26

K The one and the other

106 68 113 65

L Prickly growth on a plant

37 74 77 24 119

M Top of the house

108 101 112 34

N Took off the whiskers

29 94 53 116 5 33

O Book of sacred songs

19 78 13 47 58

P Food that is good with butter or jam

2 51 40 60 89 96

Q More refined

72 114 63 28 4

R The forward part of anything

6 98 82 115 73

S Bandleader's stick

27 105 87 97 111

T Young girl's coming-out party

99 31 44 102 93

U Something to sew with

85 9 66 79 48 3

V To defeat utterly

103 107 56 90

W Goes on a voyage by water

52 35 109 104 36

Solution on page 29.



# Family Counselor

I have a ten-year-old son who refuses to co-operate with his father and me. He is very intelligent, one of the top ten in his grade. He was promoted to the sixth grade. He thinks he should have his own way about everything. We live on a farm. He thinks he shouldn't be required even to carry in a load of stove wood. He has lots of pets and loves to play with them but will not feed and take care of them. He is always starting things but never finishes them—he even expects us to pick up his toys and clothes. He thinks he should have an unlimited amount of spending money. He won a blue ribbon with his 4-H club calf last year, so he has a good-sized bank account. When we refuse to give him money, he threatens to write a check for whatever he wants. He attends two movies each week and buys two or three comic books each week. He also reads good books, newspapers, and magazines, and the Bible. He has lots of friends and gets along fine when playing with only one or two children but thinks the children at school treat him wrong. He hates school. He is an only child and can be so sweet when he wants to be nice. I wonder if you can tell us where we have failed.

Your description of your son suggests that he is like many other ten-year-old boys, a bundle of contradictions. On the one hand he doesn't like school, but is one of the top ten in his grade because of his excellent work. He doesn't feel that he should be required to do any work, and yet at the same time he won a blue ribbon with his 4-H club calf, an

achievement, presumably, that could not have been reached without considerable work on his part. It would seem, therefore, that in addition to his undesirable qualities, he also has many characteristics of which you can be proud.

It may be that in attempting to get him to co-operate with you and your husband, you have used a rather authoritarian approach, by which I mean you tend to tell him what to do, rather than to take the time for the three of you to decide what his duties and responsibilities should be. I am not suggesting that you should coddle him or that he does not need to learn to obey when obedience is called for. But sometimes those of us who are parents forget that children are likely to respond better to suggestions than to commands. There are times, too, when we expect children to do all the co-operating, forgetting that we also need to co-operate with them. At any rate, I am wondering if it would be possible for the members of your family to make a list of the things that must be done to keep the home operating smoothly and efficiently and then decide *together* what are the responsibilities of each one. If your son had an opportunity to choose his own tasks, he might be more inclined to do them. To be sure, he might decide against carrying in the stove wood, but instead, willingly accept another task.

Your son should be given some idea of the financial situation of the family, and he should have an allowance that is his to spend as he wills. If he has an allowance of his own that is arrived at after a consideration of his normal expenses for a week or a month, he

should not be so inclined to beg you for money. Since he reads good books and magazines, he evidently is not reading comic books to excess and therefore you need not be disturbed because he seems to enjoy them.

Keep on encouraging him to finish what he starts, but also be patient with him if he does not always do so. With respect to the pets, it is not realistic to assume that you can get rid of them if he doesn't take care of them, as I expect you and your husband also are attached to them. It would seem to make sense, however, not to give him additional pets without a clear understanding that if the new pets are to be kept, he must take his share of the responsibility for caring for them.

*Donald M. Maynard*

## Biblegram Solution

*Biblegram on page 28*

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that in the Lord your labor is not in vain." (1 Corinthians 15:58)

### *The Words*

A Week	M Roof
B Booby	N Shaved
C Groom	O Hymnal
D Senate	P Bread
E Awoke	Q Finer
F Dwight	R Front
G Mirth	S Baton
H Liner	T Debut
I Vanity	U Needle
J Villain	V Rout
K Both	W Sails
L Thorn	



## Vermont Antiques at Valley Forge

(Continued from page 12)

eight houses on the range, but a chair, an Empire mirror frame of mahogany, and the corner cupboard, which now holds our pewter, were the only things worthy of mention.

Friends have given us many lovely things. Among these is a pewter coffee urn of Dutch origin, which was given us by a friend of my grandfather. It had been brought to this country by his family many, many years ago, when they came to Ohio. He was eager, when he learned that we had become interested in antiques, to show us what he called his "old tin coffeepot." I admired it and he gave it to me. Since then I have found that it is a rare urn. In museums I have seen similar ones, all having one handle, while this one seems more graceful with its two. The small brass stopper is the same shape as the urn.

A dear friend in Vermont was the donor of the much-cherished family Bible printed in Philadelphia in 1814. He found this in an old barn. It holds a focal place on a deep windowsill in the dining room, and from it we read daily. A candlestick and spectacles also are gifts from a Vermont friend. When we left Burlington our friends of the Baptist church, where we were members, made us a present of two Windsor-type church pews which had been used in the first church building. We prize them especially for their sentimental value, aside from their practical value as summer porch furniture.

Antiques have never been a *hobby* in our family. Rather, they are a choice of a type of furnishings which we prefer because they seem to us to have a charm and a stability that do not attach to the modern pieces. And in that choice, perhaps we are seeking romance as well as permanence and integration of life. How fortunate we are to have found this sturdy house, together with its stone barn, its deep well of pure water, its emerald clumps of boxwood, its thornless rose (said to have been planted by an aide to Gen. George Washington) and its secret hide-out for those who used it as a station in the underground railway—these things and many more, add to the aura of secrecy enriching its historic lore. Its antiques are only such things as we use and touch in our daily living. It is what might seem nowadays a large house, but it is large enough only to provide individual privacy and sanctuary, and to allow for family group interests. The harmony of our joys and sorrows, shared within the glow of its ample hearths, strengthens our sense of security in this changing scene of today, for has it not weathered all the storms, political and meteorological? We are blessed beyond measure that this house, from the very first, has taken us to its heart.

## Dinner in 20 Minutes

(Continued from page 6)

"did we have to?" and bursting into tears flung herself face down on the divan. Quickly he sat on the floor beside her, his mechanical leg sticking out straight before him like a grotesque toy. His arm tight about her shoulders, he pressed his cheek against hers, her tears trickling down his collar.

"There, there, Baby," he crooned as to a child. "Cry it out, it will do you good."

The car had been more than a new car to Bob and Dorothy. It had been a tangible symbol of achievement, or security. It had stood for their arrival upon a new plane of success far above the years of struggle and scrimping. The symbol was gone, and she cried.

"We'll get another, Honey," he soothed. "It won't be long. You'll see. And," he went on excitedly, "I deposited a thousand dollars' difference between the price of ours and this old one, a thousand dollars for the hospital bills. It means we won't need a second mortgage on the house." He paused, the silence broken only by her muffled sobs. "Cheer up, Hon," he continued. "After all, the sky is still blue, the grass is still green. That old pine tree is still outside the window just like it has been for the fifty years since the house was built, and maybe fifty years before that, before the house was dreamed of. There's been a lot of living in this house, a lot of joys, and a lot of sorrows as well; and we're going to have a lot of living here, too. Sorrows, yes, but a lot of joys. As long as we have each other and love each other even the sorrows will build in us strength for happiness."

"Hanky," she whispered like a penitent child, her hand groping out. "I'm sorry, Bob, honest."

He took the big white square from his pocket and tenderly dried her face, then planted a kiss on her lips.

"What's for supper?" he asked cheerfully.

While she rattled pans in the kitchen he went up to the bathroom to wash. There, the door closed for privacy, he leaned against it while his own shoulders shook in the silent grief of a strong man.

Danny was finishing his cereal when the phone rang. He munched on contentedly, the warm sunshine from the east window falling across his face, while his mother went to the living room to answer. It was Dr. Pederson, his deep voice warm and friendly. "The specialist will be here tomorrow. You bring Danny down this afternoon and we'll get him ready for the last operation."

Once more they sat in the waiting room an hour, an hour and a half, two hours, while the light struck farther and farther across the carpet from the lowering western sun. As an animal si-

lently suffers pain which it cannot understand, over which it has no control so they suffered. They had no skill, no knowledge, no service to offer their son. They could do nothing, only wait. The same soft-footed nurse approached, her kindly face lined perhaps a little more deeply than before. "Come," she said.

"Is he, is he?" they both asked the question that needed no completion.

"Danny is all right." She smiled. "He is still sleeping. You may come up now, but quietly."

Silently they stood by the bed. Danny's head swathed in bandages, looked pale and small beneath the stiff hospital sheet. Dr. Pederson, solid and somehow with a look of dedication in his stiff white hospital gown, like a priest in his surplice before the altar, stood facing them across the narrow bed.

"Will he, will his eyes be all right?" Dorothy whispered.

"We wait and see," he said. "We wait and see."

They waited and the time seemed interminable. Danny moaned a low moan in his sleep, his head rolling from side to side. Then his eyes opened, and his mouth spread in a wide grin. "Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad," he said.

No one had said they were there.

Danny sat in the window seat of the big bay window watching the purple and rose and gold of the autumn sunset fade from the evening sky. Street lights twinkled on in the dusk, and a leaf floated diagonally down across the window. "Pheonk, pheonk," came the rude squawk of the rubber horn. Uncoiling gracefully, he slid down the banister and skittered down the hall, the big German shepherd, Caesar, bounding along gleefully by his side. Danny's mother was peeling potatoes at the sink.

"Mom," he called, his hand reaching automatically for the cooky jar. "I'm going riding with Bill."

It was then that Dorothy Highe, her fingers whitening from their grip on the sink, was forced to make the biggest decision of her life. No evasion, no putting off was possible. She had to decide, now. After all the agony, all the heartache and fears of the past months, could she let him go? Could she wait, not only tonight, but again and again, heart hammering painfully in her breast, hands clammy with fear, for his safe return? But could she forever tie him to the doubtful safety of her own presence, making him a weakling afraid to face and to live life? Would he grow up to be a neurotic, a coward? She had a minute at most to make the decision that would help to shape his future course. She made it in thirty seconds.

"All right, Danny," she replied cheerfully, "but don't stay out very long. Dinner in twenty minutes."

Caesar, his tail waving slowly in grave approval, followed the happy boy out the door.



# Books for the Hearth Side

## BOOKS ON "THE CITY"

"The city is one of the greatest mission fields of the Protestant churches," declares Dr. Kenneth D. Miller in his challenging book **God and Man in the City** (Friendship Press, 1954; cloth, \$2.00; paper, \$1.25). Though he believes the city is not more pagan than the rural districts of America, "it still remains true," he says, "that a large proportion of our city people are either irresponsible to the appeal of the church or neglected by the church." This fact is of critical significance to America, since the cities "largely shape the moral climate of the country and set our standards of behavior and values."

Dr. Miller's book is chiefly concerned with the city's *people*—people trying to get ahead, the "wistful pagans," the tension-ridden; people on the move; people in the inner city, the residential areas, the suburbs. To all of these the church must find ways of ministering, if city life is to be made satisfying and meaningful through a dynamic religious faith, and if it is to be made a resource for a more Christian America. And many churches are finding those ways. The book describes both needs and accomplishments. In many cities churches and mission agencies are working valiantly at the task of reaching all their people with the message and program of a vital Christianity.

**Look at the City**, by Janette T. Harrington (Friendship Press, 1954; cloth, \$2.00; paper, \$1.25), is a "tract for the times" in modern dress. A generous array of telling photographs of people and places, accompanied by a minimum of clean-cut and vivid text, make graphic what city life does to, and for, people. The city is seen as a lonely place, a place of forbidding asphalt jungles, of discouraging barriers, of rootlessness and anonymity. It is also seen as a place of kindly service, of warm Christian fellowship, of spiritual enrichment. The quality of ministry of the city church may make the difference.

Another in the digest-magazine series of booklets has been provided for youth for the study of the city in **WHEN—You Live in the City**, edited by Lucy M. Eldredge (Friendship Press, 1954; paper, 50 cents). Human interest stories, pictures, shorts, facts about city churches and city mission work are timely and penetrating. Senior high young people will find here interesting material for personal reading and for discussion sessions in their youth groups.

The younger teen-agers will see themselves in the young people of **They Live in the City**, by Mary M. Lago (Friendship Press, 1954; cloth, \$2.00; paper, \$1.25). Kathy and Carl, Barry and Wally, Joe and Nick, Barbara and Elizabeth, junior highs of a Middle-Western city, have their problems; they also have a lot of fun in their churches and in the mission center where Mike and Betty Shackleford know how to turn teen-age abilities and enthusiasm into channels that help the whole community. And in the end many of the teen-agers' own problems are solved, too. Adults as well as junior highs will enjoy and profit from this book.

**Sidewalk Kids**, by Gertrude Jenness Rinden (Friendship Press, 1954; cloth, \$2.00; paper, \$1.25), brings to juniors ten stories of city boys and girls and how they and their families are helped by churches and Christian centers. There is Skinny who considers Mrs. Dolores' threatened eviction more important than a beach picnic. And Ellen Parma from Estonia, whose father fixes the organ and saves the Children's Day Program; artistic Yasuko whose *kamishibai* helps raise money to build churches in America's growing cities; Mary and Jo Spotted Horse, who planned to run away from the city back to the reservation until the work campers come to build the community house. Juniors will like reading these heart-warming stories and discussing or play-acting them. In doing so they will learn why their churches support mission churches and such pro-

jects as All Peoples, St. John's, and the Labor Temple.

What primary child wouldn't be entranced by a story called **The Boy with the Busy Walk**? The book by this title written by Anne M. Halladay (Friendship Press, 1954; cloth, \$2.00; paper, \$1.25) tells the story of Tippy and Tomas. Tomas was the one with the busy walk, and the reason was that he was in a hurry to get to the Good Friends Mission so he wouldn't miss anything, like the words on the little yellow kite said. Tippy was the lonesome one, sitting on Grandpa's steps in Denver, with nothing to do and no one to play with. Then he got acquainted with Tomas and joined the boys' club at the mission center. His enthusiasm soon enlisted Grandpa, and then his church school class at home, in doing things for Good Friends Mission. And one day he discovered that he too had developed a busy walk!

Also for younger children is a picture story, **Friendly House** (Friendship Press, 1954; paper, 50 cents), depicting in large attractive photographs and brief text the manifold activities of a city mission center. The children will see how the church helps to provide health, recreation, and Christian teaching for boys and girls like themselves who live in crowded cities.

To facilitate the use of these books in groups studying "The City," there is a full set of age group leaders' guides. These provide detailed suggestions for study sessions and appropriate activities.

GENEVIEVE BROWN

## Prayer of a Homemaker

### *Dear Heavenly Father:*

Draw nearer to each home, even in the daily task of dusting the magazine table. Let this reading center of our homes reflect the true interests of our hearts as we arrange periodicals in which the Word is made clearly visible for our day.

Hear our gratitude for all the happiness provided through the printed word. We see the beauty and abundance of thy universe as scientists learn new secrets of color photography to brighten the white pages with their varied type.

As we remember the vast distances covered by news-gathering agencies, let us enlarge the scope of our own vision. Protect us from narrowness by keeping us alert to mission opportunities through the mailing of our magazines abroad.

With those who are ill or discouraged in our home neighborhoods may we be quick to share the printed word of Christian truth, bringing solace for their needs.

*Amen.*

Ruth C. Ikerman





### ***What Do You Want for Your Children?***

That question would receive a great many different answers if people were compelled to answer it quickly. Given a little time to think, however, most of them would agree with this, "We want the very best educational opportunities for them that can be developed."

As nearly two million more students than ever before open the school doors of our nation this month we wonder, "Are we giving them the very best?" An honest answer to that question must be, "We are only giving them potentially the best education possible."

Hundreds, yes, thousands, of the school buildings opening their doors this month are out-of-date, antiquated, crumbling firetraps.

What buildings we have are dangerously overcrowded by the surging school population that increases every year.

We are short about 75,000 teachers of the number necessary to guide our growing citizens into educated adulthood.

Many of the teachers we have are not adequately educated themselves for their demanding responsibilities.

All of our teachers are underpaid in the light of the vast importance of the task which they are trying to do for our nation.

There is evidence to support the belief that Russia is spending a larger per cent of her budget for education than is the United States.

In the light of all these things it is helpful to know that there are forces at work to change them. You can help accomplish an improvement and if you do not help, it may not be done. Write for the free booklet "How Can Citizens Help Their Schools?"

### ***Cooperate With Your Church***

The last week of September is observed by most churches as Christian Education Week. It is appropriate to consider this observance at the same time we think of our public schools. We believe that Christian education is just as vital and important for our children and for the nation as is public education.

The theme for this year's Christian Education Week is "The Bible in the Home." Undoubtedly your church is participating to some extent in this program. If you have heard nothing about it, why not speak to your minister or other church leader and discover what is being planned?

One of the first and most simple ways to cooperate in this observance is by going with your family every Sunday to church school and to church. Just as you expect boys and girls to go to school every day knowing that absenteeism is a hindrance to their development, so you should expect to attend church school and church every Sunday or be handicapped in your Christian growth.

Another way you can help is by offering your services in some phase of the program of Christian education. Many of the difficulties which public education face, as enumerated in the above editorial, are also troubling Christian education. Inadequate buildings and classrooms, a shortage of teachers and other workers, lack of an adequate understanding on the part of many teachers of what Christian education is, and a complacent constituency are also problems of the church program.

A still further way to help is to provide adequate financial support for your church. It is a tragic fact that less than one cent out of every consumer's spending dollar goes to the work of religious institutions in our country. Have you accurately studied your giving program recently?

When your minister approaches you to participate in this week, encourage him with a hearty, "Of course, I'll be happy to help!"





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## If We Neglect Our Greatest Natural Resource

It's a fact that we often overlook—but a fact it is: a country's greatest natural resource is its children. For, after all, who will develop and run our industries of tomorrow? Who, but the children of today! And if we neglect their education today, how will we produce the engineers, scientists, doctors, artists and educators necessary to continue America's greatness?

Today, many of our schools are overcrowded, understaffed, lacking in supplies, equipment and facilities for the full development of our children. We need more schools, more teachers, more books, supplies and equipment. The need is urgent and only you can help. Write for free booklet, "How Can Citizens Help Their Schools?" to The National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools, 2 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

Play a real part in the development of America's greatest natural resource—her children!



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